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"actuate Mayfair and Whitechapel; and to discover that the distinction between Christian and pagan life consists rather in the development of man's moral and intellectual nature than in the superficial and accidental aspect of new creeds and new forms of society."

From the Essay on Songs from the Dramatists, we give an extract not very complimentary to our present race of book-makers.

"The popularization of literature has been accompanied by evil results as well as good. The number of readers has infinitely increased; but the quality of literature has almost in equal measure been deteriorated. With a few honorable and striking exceptions, few recent authors exhibit any masculine strength or idiomatic raciness of language; as few books display any depth of learning or originality of thought. The people like easy reading, and there is a superfatuation of it. We have abundance of pungent sauces, but little strong meat to eat with them. We have a plenteous crop of literary gossip; but the garners in which our elder and manlier literature is stored, are seldom opened. Our great writers are talked about, not read."

THE FATE OF THE PARTHENON.

(Translated for THE CRAYON from ADOLF STAHN's "TORSEO.")

THE gloom which the death of Pericles and Phidias cast over Greece may be likened to that darkness which attends upon an eclipse of the sun or the moon. The comprehensive mind of Pericles reflected the all-illuminating radiance of the mighty sun, and the poetic genius of Phidias the lovely brilliancy of the tender moon. Who can fathom the spiritual importance of beings in whom the divine element was so powerfully developed as it was in Pericles and Phidias? Their works, indeed, proclaimed the triumphs of their intellects, but the magnetism of their presence, the quickening impulse of their conversation, the charm of their manners, the constant influence which they exercised through their inspiring personality—these were now gone forever; all the nobler minds of Hellas keenly felt the loss, and were plunged in grief and sorrow. As time rolled on, the sorrow became more intense, at least in the bosom of the thoughtful Grecian, who saw his beloved land gradually declining from that pinnacle of glory and art to which it had been raised by Pericles and Phidias. The one, indeed, had laid down principles of state, and the other principles of art, which mankind could not willingly let die, but it was with both as it was with the faith of Christ without the Master. Ideals had been brought forward to stimulate the highest progress of the race, but those in whom the ideal had been made flesh were gone. Athenian poets, scholars, and statesmen, as their thought dwelt upon the past, and conjured before their memory the august presence of their great ruler and great artist, could not fail to be overcome with sadness. Pericles was gone. Phidias was gone. The only solace left was in the wondrous structure

of the Parthenon, with others of the countless monuments of Athens that breathed the spirit of their genius.

From its soaring height the Parthenon looked down with the grandeur of a prophet, as if to proclaim to a bewildered world that the seeds sown by mighty minds were firmly rooted in the earth, as firmly as its own pillars upon the summit of its lofty rock. Five hundred years had passed away since the death of Phidias, and although all around it had crumbled into dust, the Parthenon still stood erect, as if to afford to Pausanias and Plutarch an opportunity to behold and to transmit to the most distant posterity an account of its splendor. But the noble temple was destined to fall. The seeds of beauty sown by its architect have indeed borne glorious fruit, but the grandest model of their genius is forever gone. The vestiges of its existence, however, are not entirely destroyed. The traveller of the present day still beholds upon the hallowed site a monumental pile of glittering marble. Beauty of form is still visible in the symmetrical proportion of its ruins. Even the most glowing imagination fails to reconcile the mind to the aspect of desolation which the Parthenon presents. The roofless pillars, bereft of their capitals, raise their heads despondingly toward the skies; the interior of the temple resembles a battle-field; the most admirable fragments of art lie scattered about in gloomy, chaotic confusion, like the bloody remains of soldiers. Here behold an arm, there a neck, here a foot, there a leg—nothing complete; all is broken, mutilated. The ornaments of the metopes have disappeared; the splendid pediments have perished; the ruins even of their beauteous groups of statues have been remorselessly plundered, the rich images of the cella frieze have been destroyed, with scarcely an exception. One of the most recent explorers of the Parthenon* remarks, that the descriptive horrors of this St. Bartholomew's massacre of art may have haunted the mind for years and years, yet they are only fully revealed in the ghostly majesty of reality upon the spot itself, where the foul deed was perpetrated and beauty slaughtered. On beholding the grave of the Parthenon, the words of the German poet come into the mind:

"Das ist das Loos des Schönen auf der Erde."
"Such is the fate of the beautiful on earth."

But who was the author of this calamity? Who was the destroyer of the Parthenon? Was it Christianity? No. Superstitious priests and priest-ridden laymen were indeed the ruthless murderers of many of the noblest monuments of antiquity. But the Parthenon they did not dare to touch. The holy Virgin, the mother of Christ, took peaceable possession of the hallowed abode of the virgin mother of Erichonius. The pagan temple became a Christian church. Remains of Byzantine church pictures are still visible in the interior of the Cella. The emperor Basilius, while on a triumphal tour through Greece (according to Cedrenus, the historian), after his victory over

* H. Hettner, *Griechische Reiseeskizzen* (1853). Page 10.

the Bulgarians in 1019, worshipped in the Parthenon, and decorated the holy virgin's sanctuary with rich ornaments and sacrificial offerings in token of his gratitude for victories achieved. Christianity, therefore, was innocent in the matter.

Again we ask, who were the destroyers of the Parthenon? Certainly not the Northmen, who, with all their fierceness, were intimidated by the impregnability of the Athenian Gibraltar. Nor could the Frank adventurers of the middle ages, who became dukes of Athens after the close of the Crusades, be accused of injuring the treasures of the Parthenon. Far from having any destructive design upon the Acropolis, they selected it as their ducal residence, and a lofty tower, which they built on the southern wing of the Propylæa, still stands as a symbol of the presence of the warlike, but art-respecting Franks. The Turks are as little responsible for the wrong. Omar invaded Athens in 1456, and the classic city of Plato became the playground of the rude soldiery of Mahomet; yet even the koran-bound moslem looked with mingled deference and awe upon the monuments of the gods of Hellas! The Parthenon, after having been used as a church by the devout Christians of Byzantium, and as a citadel by the martial Frank Crusaders, was now converted into a mosque by the Mussulman. But the Byzantines, the Northmen, the Franks, and the Turks, all refrained from laying hands upon its time-hallowed treasures. Desecration there was, but not destruction. Desecration it was to find the ceremonies of Rome intruding upon the divine religion and beauty of Hellas—but no destruction. Desecration it was to see the clumsy Northmen putting their broad feet upon the lovely halls of the Grecian temple—but yet no destruction. Desecration it was to see the Parthenon turned into barracks, and the Frank soldiers indulging in frivolous jests under a roof resplendent with Grecian wisdom and genius—but yet no destruction. Desecration it was to hear the august sanctuary reverberate with the clanking echo of the sabres of Turkish janissaries, to see the Parthenon of the gods of Hellas transformed into an *estaminet* of the brutal warriors of Constantinople, and to see the holy recesses of the Acropolis used as a powder magazine and depot of artillery for the troops of Sultan Omar. Desecration it was, sad and painful desecration, but yet no destruction. The Turks, barbarians as they were, had a rude sense of propriety which led them instinctively to respect the Grecian works of art. Having thus withstood the invasion of superstitious Byzantines, of Northmen, of Franks, and of Turks, the principal monuments of the Parthenon were in an excellent state of preservation until the end of the seventeenth century. To this effect we have the testimony of two eminent travellers, one a Frenchman, M. Spon, the other an English gentleman, Mr. Wheler, who visited the Parthenon in 1676, and who both speak in terms of boundless admiration of the remarkable beauty and splendor which the temple possessed at that time. A French artist, Jaques Carrey, one of the pupils of Lebrun, accompanied the

Marquis Ollier de Nointel, the ambassador of Louis XIV., to Constantinople in 1672. He stopped at Athens to make drawings of the Parthenon, the originals of which are preserved in the imperial library in Paris. The designs comprise a great portion of the cella frieze, the two pediments, and the whole of the metopes on the southern side. The artist spent two months in making them, and without the assistance of a scaffolding, sitting upon the pavement in front of the Parthenon, looking constantly upwards; the dazzling effect of the white marble proved so injurious to his eyes, that, as M. Spon relates, he was almost blinded. Carrey was not qualified to reproduce the serene grandeur of the Grecian school, and as copies of the monuments, his designs are failures. But they possess great historical value, especially the designs of the two great pediment groups, of which Carrey still found twelve figures in a complete state of preservation on the eastern, and twenty-two on the western gable. At the present day nothing remains of the former but twelve or thirteen pieces, and of the latter, only five mutilated fragments in the British Museum. Carrey's designs were taken most seasonably, for a few years afterwards the fearful calamity occurred which resulted in the destruction of this noble structure.

In the summer of 1687, we find Count Otho of Königsmark, generalissimo of the forces of the republic of Venice, engaged in warfare against Turkey, and after having overrun the Peloponnesus, he was now coöperating with the captain-general, afterward Doge, Francesco Morosini, in wresting Attica from the grasp of the Mussulman. The body of Königsmark's troops was composed of hired soldiers, mostly natives of the northern part of Germany. Königsmark himself was a native of the same country, and the descendant of a family as much noted for courage and prowess as for brutality and debauchery. On the approach of the two hostile generals, the Turks evacuated Athens, and took refuge in the Acropolis. The inhabitants, mostly Greeks, hailed the Venetians as their deliverers from the yoke of Turkey, and in the hope of securing the prosperity of their city, which was more flourishing at that time than any other city of Greece, hastened to offer terms of capitulation, submitting to the Venetians immediately after their arrival. Königsmark selected as his point of operations against the Acropolis the beautiful olive grove which was situated within a short distance of the citadel. The Turks refusing to obey his summons to surrender, he began to attack the Acropolis in two directions, his artillery playing from the steep elevation of the Pnyx, while (on the 25th of September) he bombarded it from the city itself. On the 27th, a small powder-magazine near the Propylæa exploded, blowing up the charming little temple of the winged Nike. But the fatal blow was not dealt to the Parthenon until the following day (Sept. 28). The Turkish pasha having conveyed all of the valuable Turkish property and his ammunition to the Parthenon, deemed himself invulnerable, and laughed at the Frank dogs who wasted their powder against the rocks of the Acropolis. But the

exultation of the pasha soon turns to trembling anguish. Suddenly the Turk grows pale. Terror invades his camp. Instead of wild shouts of triumph, are heard pitiable wailings of despair. A fearful crash shivers the hallowed temple—the chief powder magazine has exploded, and beneath the crumbling piles of Grecian beauty crawl the bleeding corpses of mangled Turks. The fatal bomb which caused the explosion rent the ill-fated temple from top to bottom. The edifice which had withstood the ravages of two thousand years was now in ruins. In its place were seen two colossal piles of stones, the remains of the eastern and western portions of the temple. The entire eastern part of the cella, with five columns of the Pronaos, and all of the pillars and the architecture of the interior, were blown up; eight columns of the northern, six of the southern part of the peristyle, with all their bas-reliefs and metopes, were hurled from their elevation, and dashed into atoms. Considerable damage was also done to the eastern gable. A Venetian officer, who wandered amidst the ruins a few months afterwards, overcame with emotion and admiration, wrote to his friends: "*Non ho potuto non farmi restare estatico in contemplarla.*" It was a sight which drew even tears from rude soldiers' eyes. The sensation produced was similar to that of a pure maiden ravished by a brutal drunkard. This is no exaggerated metaphor, for here was a temple of beauty, reared to Religion and Art, by the most perfect men of genius which the world has ever seen, transformed to a heap of ashes by the thoughtless brutality of a vandal soldier. Let it not be argued that Count Königsmark was not aware of the effect that his fire would have. He could not, like his countrymen the Huns, of olden times, put in the plea of unmitigated barbarism as an excuse for his vandal atrocity. Königsmark, in fact, was worse than any of his predecessors in Attila's camp. He was one of the smooth, polished, modern barbarians, with a courteous smile upon his lips, but with the cruel cravings of a tiger in his heart, if such a monster can be said to have had a heart. Königsmark was the incarnation of the spirit of the age of Louis XIV., of the spirit, at least, that wrought in a brutal soldier's reckless nature. His wife, the Countess of Königsmark—to her shame be it said—was present during the bombardment of the Parthenon; and the heartless woman, who moved in the high circles of society in those days, stood by, sneering at a sight which would have filled a true woman's soul with disgust and dismay. Yet, there was one lady of her court who seems to have shuddered at the enmity of the crime, a Swedish lady, Anna Akerjhelm, a sister of the director of the library of Stockholm, to whom she addressed the following letter, dated at Athens: "The citadel is situated on a hill, the capture of which presented the greatest difficulties, since it was impossible to undermine it; you would certainly have shrunk from destroying the beautiful temple, which had withstood the ravages of two thousand years, and which is called Minerva's temple! but all to no avail. The bombardment was successful, and the temple can never, never be restored."

The Venetians were not long left to enjoy the fruits of their miserable victory. A few months after the destruction of the Parthenon, they were forever driven from Greece, while Königsmark died of the plague in his camp at Negropont. The brutal German and his infamous associate Morosini, seemed to feel proud of their work of destruction and of the remains of the Parthenon, which they triumphantly carried off as trophies of their victory. The Venetian general sent the colossal marble lion of the Piræus to Venice, where it is still to be seen at the entrance of the arsenal; and Königsmark having ordered the removal of the wonderful horses of the triumphal chariot of Athena, as well as of the statue of the goddess, they were shattered to pieces by the imprudence of the *employés*,* and all destroyed with the exception of one horse head, which is still in Athens in a very mutilated condition. The remarkable beauty of the horses was greatly admired by the Greeks, even at a time when they had already forgotten the ancient name of the temple, they having changed it from Parthenon to Pantheon. Says Spon, the French traveller, who, as well as Wheler, the English traveller, saw the horses when they were in their full glory: "*Il semble que l'on voit dans leur air un certain feu et une certaine fierté, que leur inspire Minerve, dont ils tirent le char.*" Says Mr. Wheler: "The sculptor seems to have outdone himself, by giving them more than seeming life; such a vigor is expressed in each posture of their prancing and stamping, natural to generous horses."

Tel maître, tel valet! The soldiers and officers, emulating the example of their superiors, were each anxious to carry away a memento of the Parthenon. The relics were thus scattered and lost, as many of their owners never reached their destination. A Danish officer sent two heads of a metope from the south side of the Parthenon, a head of a centaur, and one of the Lapithæ to Copenhagen, where, 150 years afterwards, they were discovered by Brøndstedt; the two latter heads, especially the centaur's, being in better preservation than any other head which has come down to us of the statues of the Parthenon. In the same manner the head of a female pediment-statue was carried to Venice, and, after many vicissitudes, found its way at length to the museum of the Louvre, where, in addition, are to be found an entablature and portions of the cella frieze, and a head removed to Paris at a previous period by the Marquis of Nointel.

The successor of Königsmark and Morosini in the devastation of the Parthenon was Lord Elgin, the Scotchman, who has been branded for all time by the burning invective of Byron. While ambassador at Constantinople, Lord Elgin obtained from the divan *carte-blanc* in reference to the works of Art in Greece, and he proceeded to destroy the remaining monuments of the Parthenon, for the purpose of obtaining its fragments for the English Government.

* *La poca accortezza di alcuni gli fe cadere, e si ruppero non solo, ma si disfecero in polvere.*—Letter of one of the Venetian officers of the expedition.

These beautiful ruins were miserably mangled in the process of removal of the metopes, etc., and fragments which escaped destruction were injured by the clumsiness of the persons employed. Lord Elgin thus gave the *coup de grâce* to the fall of the Parthenon, crowning the task begun by Königs-mark and Morosini, the three men thus forming a trio which will forever remain synonymous with the worst vandalism ever recorded in the history of Art. The Greeks were overcome with humiliation, shame, and indignation at the sight of the sacrilege; even the Turk was aroused from his impassibility. Says an eye-witness: "When the Turkish disdar saw the last of the metopes removed, and a great portion of the superb frame-work, with one of the triglyphs tumble down, and dashed to pieces, he took his pipe out of his mouth, wiped off a tear, saying in a trembling voice to Lord Elgin's factotum, Lusieni, the Italian, who stood near him, "Τέλος! (Enough of this! Leave it now alone!)"

To invest the fall of the Parthenon with still more tragic coloring, the fury of the elements now conspired with the greediness of the spoliator; vessels laden with Elgin's booty were wrecked near Cerigo, and the most sublime works of man's divinest art were buried in the deep.

HISTORY OF THE EMPIRE OF KIANG.

CHAPTER I.

SITUATION OF KIANG AND CHINA PROPER—EARLY TRADITIONS OF CHINA PROPER—CREATION OF THE WORLD—THE FIRST MAN—THE FLOOD.

BETWEEN the 26th and 34th degrees of north latitude, and between the 100th and 120th degrees of longitude east from Greenwich, and descending from the table lands of Thibet, on the west, to the Pacific Ocean, which forms its eastern boundary, is situated a vast and fertile country occupying an area equal to Texas, New Mexico, and Utah combined. This country, which now forms an integral part of the Chinese empire, some ten thousand years ago constituted the proud empire of Kiang. On the north, Kiang was separated from the Tartar lands by the Pe-ling Mountains, and at the south, the Nan-ling Mountains formed a natural barrier between it and China Proper, which lay a narrow strip of land extending along the south side of the Nan-ling range to the Pacific Ocean. The Pacific, here known as the Chinese Sea, extends from the terminus of the Nan-ling Mountains in a southwesterly direction to the Gulf of Tonquin, and so forms, together with the countries of Anam and Siam, the southern boundary of China Proper.

Kiang was settled principally by emigrants from China Proper, with a slight sprinkling of Tartars. It is to China Proper, therefore, and its early history and traditions, we have to look for information, in order to thoroughly comprehend the strange and wonderful development of the empire of Kiang, in its political, social; and religious ramifications. We proceed at once, therefore, to give the reader a condensed account of the early traditions and subsequent history of China Proper.

In the beginning, we are told* that Chong-fu† created the sun by expanding a peppercorn, and suspending it in the heavens in order to give light in the daytime; and to furnish light at night Chong-fu repeated the operation, intending to place in the firmament a luminary of equal magnitude and splendor with that which gave light to day, but the second time he tried, the operation failed. The peppercorn split into two divisions, one half forming the moon, and the other half being shattered into thousands of pieces, accidentally formed the stars.

As soon as Chong-fu had hung up the great lights, he commenced operations again by fashioning the earth. He transformed a grain of sand into an enormous rock, and flattened it out square. In so doing, a large quantity of rock-dust was made into soil, and the water that was squeezed out by the excessive hammering became the source of the rivers and the ocean.

The sun, the moon, and stars were all made at once, but the labor of hammering out the earth occupied ten thousand years, ten days and ten hours, after which excessive labor, Chong-fu went into a deep sleep of many days. During his slumber, one of his sons, Chong by name, amused himself by playing with the tools that his father had used, and in so doing he created various men and women. For fear that Chong-fu might scold him for so doing, he hid them away in the moon so that his father might not see them. Chong-fu awoke in course of time, and the first thing he did upon awakening was to look out upon the earth, which he rather took a pride in. The monotony, or rather benotony of earth and water, however, did not please him; there was a sameness of color which ought to be improved; so he dipped up the water, and sprinkled it upon the earth to bring forth vegetation, and the surface of the earth was clad with green lawns and beautiful trees which bore fruit good to eat.

Highly pleased with the artistic coloring of the landscape, there was nothing wanting to make the picture complete but the creation of animal life of all sizes and forms, from the crawling worm to the frolicsome monkey. This was immediately attended to, and when the birds were singing in the bushes, the fishes sporting in the water, the cattle grazing on the plain, and the lions roaming the wilderness, Chong-fu concluded that the earth was as perfect as could be, very beautiful to look at, and pleasant to repose in. Therefore to repose he betook himself again, charging his children the angels to sport, and play, and enjoy themselves after their own fashion. That they should not be able to meddle with his creation, he destroyed all his tools, after which he went to sleep.

In the meantime, the men and women placed in the moon by Chong junior had increased and multiplied to an enormous extent, so much so that the moon was too small to hold them. A certain fellow, named Ching, who had invented an improvement for planting rice, and endeavored

* Books of Ting, vol. i.

† Cause of all.